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THE MONARCH OF AFRICAN MOUNTAINS.

To those who associate the name of the great African continent only with visions of the steaming mangrove swamps of the west coast, the luxuriant flower-carpet and grasses of the south, the trackless sand-wastes of the north, and the undulating thirsty plains of 'the Bush,' whose idea of Africa, indeed, may be summed up in three words—sun, savages, and fever—to such, we say, it may be difficult to accept the knowledge that snow-capped mountains exist in the very heart of this dry and heat-engirdled land. But yet, there have been for ages, strange tales of a wonderful mountain-mass in the tropical centre, whose summit was perpetually covered with a mysterious substance which the natives called 'white salt.' Now, as perpetual snow under the equator was known only in Central America—nowhere else do mountains in the tropics reach the snow-line—there did exist for ages incredulity as to the existence of this alleged African Mont Blanc or Chimborazo. The legend referring to it must have been known to the early Portuguese travellers at least three centuries ago, for the Portuguese were at Mombasa in the sixteenth century, and as Mombasa is within one hundred and eighty miles of the mountain, and is the coast-limit of the trade-route between it and the sea, they must have heard the stories of the native and Arab traders. Others believed this Kilima-Njaro* to be merely the legendary 'Mountains of the Moon.'

The earliest authentic record of 'discovery' by a European is that of Rebmann, a German missionary, who, on the 11th of May 1848, first sighted the wonderful snowy dome. Baron Von der Decken, another German, actually reached Kilima-Njaro in 1861, and stayed on its slopes for some three months. On a second visit, Von der Decken ascended to a height of ten thousand

* Pronounced Killy-manjähro, and meaning 'The Mountain of the Demon of Cold.'

five hundred feet, although he did not reach the snow. He was followed, in 1871, by an English missionary, the Rev. Charles New, who made two journeys to Chaga—the native name for the inhabited belt between three and seven thousand feet above the sea, stretching round the mountain—and on the second occasion was robbed and ill-used by Mandara, a native chief. Mr Joseph Thomson, after making the journey *Through Masai-land*, of which he has published so interesting an account, arrived at Kilima-Njaro in 1883. He journeyed nearly all round the base of the mountain, but did not ascend more than nine thousand feet. He also was robbed by Mandara.

It was reserved for Mr H. H. Johnston, F.R.G.S., to penetrate the mysteries of the 'Monarch of African Mountains,' and to record his experiences in a most interesting book, *The Kilima-Njaro Expedition* (London: Kegan Paul). Mr Johnston's experiences on the Congo qualified him for African exploration; while his services to science in other parts of the world, pointed him out as well equipped for the search into and observation of the natural history of the locality, selected for exploration by a joint-committee of the British Association and the Royal Society. To solve the many interesting problems surrounding the fauna and flora of this African alpine region, was the task delegated to Mr Johnston. He left London in March 1884, and in due course arrived at Zanzibar, where he was assisted by Sir John Kirk in getting together a band of porters, servants, and guides. After some delay at Mombasa, caused by a sharp attack of fever, Mr Johnston plunged into the wilderness at the head of his long band of porters, carrying loads of domestic necessities, provisions, water, and 'trade' goods. The long tramp inland was a weary one, for it was through a hot and thirsty land, which sorely tried the endurance of the party.

The first glimpse of Kilima-Njaro was obtained long before the party reached its base. And here it may be proper to explain that this name

is given to the whole mountain-mass, which consists of two huge peaks and a number of smaller ones, just below the third parallel south of the equator. The highest of the peaks is called Kibô, is eighteen thousand eight hundred and eighty feet above the level of the sea, and is always covered with snow on the top, and occasionally down to the altitude of fourteen thousand feet. This is, so far as is at present known, the highest mountain in Africa. The twin-peak, Kimawenzi, is sixteen thousand two hundred and fifty feet high, and although above the snow-line, is not continuously snow-clad. The whole mass is of volcanic origin, and the two peaks are the craters of extinct volcanoes.

Approached from the south-east, the mountain has the appearance of lonely isolation, and presents a truly remarkable spectacle, with its peaks towering to the clouds and its glittering snow-caps. It is worth while giving in Mr Johnston's words his emotions on first gaining sight of the goal of his desires: 'With the falling temperature of the small-hours, a brisk wind arose from the heated plain, and swept the clouds from off the sky, all except the mass which obstinately clung to Kilima-Njaro. Feverish and overtired, I could not sleep, and sat and watched the heavens, waiting for the dawn. A hundred men were snoring around me, and the night was anything but silent, for the hyenas were laughing hideously in the gloom outside our circle of expiring embers. At five o'clock I awoke my servant Virapan, and whilst he was making my morning coffee I dropped into a doze, from which at dawn he roused me and pointed to the horizon, where in the north-west a strange sight was to be seen. "Laputa," I exclaimed; and as Virapan, though he had read *Robinson Crusoe* and the *Arabian Nights* in his native tongue, had never heard of *Gulliver's Travels*, I proceeded to enlighten him as to the famous suspended island of Swift's imagining, and explained my exclamation by pointing to the now visible Kilima-Njaro, which, with its two peaks of Kibô and Kimawenzi, and the parent mass of mountain, rose high above a level line of cloud, and thus completely severed in appearance from the earth beneath, resembled so strangely the magnetic island of Laputa.'

It was not until the thirteenth day after leaving Mombasa, that the party entered the state of Mosi, ruled over by the chief Mandara, already mentioned. This little kingdom is of about the same area as London, and is on the lower slope of the mountain, between three and four thousand feet above the sea. Splendid views are obtained from it over the plains below, and its condition is anything but one of savagery. The agriculture is of a high order, and the people, although nearly naked, are both intelligent and industrious. The fields are well intersected by artificial water-courses, led from the mountain-streams higher up, and 'the air is musical with the murmur of trickling rivulets and the tinkling bells of the flocks and herds.' Wherever the ground is not in cultivation; it is covered with brilliantly coloured wild flowers of numberless known and unknown species; the hum of bees is suggestive of endless stores of honey; and the flow of milk is guaranteed by the innumerable herds of mild-eyed kine cropping the rich pasture.

Finding that the feuds between the Mosi people and the other mountain tribes were a bar to his progress through Mandara's country, Mr Johnston withdrew, and negotiated treaties of peace and commerce with one of the rival potentates whose territory extended nearer the summit. Before doing this, however, he had to retire to a place called Taveita, through which he had passed on his way to Mandara's. Of this place he says: 'From the day of my first arrival up to the time of my final departure, it seemed to me one of the loveliest spots on the earth's surface.'

Taveita is the sort of trade centre of the district, and is ruled over by a senate of notables, called the 'Wazee,' or elders, who preserve law and order, and arbitrate in disputes between the resident natives and the nomadic traders. Its population is about six thousand.

From Taveita, Mr Johnston negotiated with the chief of Maranî, a state rather larger than Middlesex, on the south-eastern flank of the mountain. After many preliminaries and much exchanging of presents, he was at length admitted into this kingdom, and had positively to crawl into it through the defensive stockades, which it seems the custom in this country for the separate peoples to erect around their domains. Between the kingdom of Maranî and the summit of Kibô, there lay no opposing tribe, so that, having obtained guides, Mr Johnston was, after a little delay, enabled to continue his journey to the snow.

The route crossed a fine river, and lay at first through a smiling and fertile country, with signs of cultivation and flourishing banana-groves up to an altitude of five thousand five hundred feet. Shortly after that, cultivation ceased, and a heathy district was reached, with grassy knolls and numerous small streams of running water. The ascent was very gradual, and the first night was spent in camp at six thousand five hundred feet. Leaving this, a dense forest was reached at seven thousand feet; then a district of uplands thickly covered with moss and ferns, studded with short gnarled trees, and teeming with begonias and sweet-scented flowering shrubs, but with few signs of animal life. At nine thousand feet, the region was clear of forests, and merely covered with grass; but higher up, the woodland began again, and water became very abundant. The third camp was formed at ten thousand feet, and here the party encountered a terrific thunderstorm and rainfall. It was succeeded by a fair and serene morning, leaving the two snow-peaks in full view against a cloudless blue sky. At this point Mr Johnston resided nearly a month, actively prosecuting his collecting and observing, and preparing for the final ascent. Then, one day, with three followers only, he started for great Kibô.

For some two thousand feet higher, vegetation is abundant; and even at twelve thousand six hundred feet the party struck a pretty little stream, on the banks of which were patches of level green-sward and abundance of gay flowers, while the spoor of buffaloes was also observed. Strange sessile thistles, five feet in circumference, were noticed; and an extraordinary lobelia, between three and four feet in height, with bright-blue blossoms, as also other remarkable plants. Bees and wasps

were still to be seen at this high altitude, and bright little sunbirds darting about. But beyond thirteen thousand feet, vegetation was seen only in dwarfed patches, and the ground became covered with boulders, lying in confused masses, with occasional huge slabs of rock, singularly marked like tortoise-shells. At thirteen thousand six hundred feet, the last resident bird was noticed—a species of stonechat—although high-soaring kites and great-billed ravens were seen even higher up. At fourteen thousand one hundred and seventeen feet, the Zanzibari followers were thoroughly done up, and began to show unmistakable signs of fear of the 'bogy' of the mountain, so they were left to prepare a sleeping-place for the night, while Mr Johnston continued the ascent alone.

At fifteen thousand one hundred and fifty feet he reached the central connecting ridge of Kilima-Njaro, and could see part of both sides. The 'Monarch,' however, was veiled in clouds. What followed cannot better be given than in the adventurer's own words: 'At length—and it was so sudden and so fleeting, that I had no time to fully take in the majesty of the snowy dome of Kibô—the clouds parted, and I looked on a blaze of snow so blinding white under the brief flicker of sunlight, that I could see little detail. Since sunrise that morning I had caught no glimpse of Kibô, and now it was suddenly presented to me with unusual and startling nearness. . . . Knowing now the direction of my goal, I rose from the clammy stones, and clutching my sketch-book with benumbed hands, began once more to ascend westwards. Seeing but a few yards in front of me, choked with mist, I made but slow progress; nevertheless, I continually mounted along a gently sloping, hummocky ridge, where the spaces in between the masses of rock were filled with fine yellowish sand. The slabs of rock were so slippery with the drizzling mist, that I very often nearly lost my footing, and I thought with a shudder what a sprained ankle would mean here.

'At length, after a rather steeper ascent than usual up the now smoother and sharper ridge, I suddenly encountered snow lying at my very feet, and nearly plunged headlong into a great rift filled with snow, that here seemed to cut across the ridge and interrupt it. The dense mist cleared a little in a partial manner, and I then saw to my left the black rock sloping gently to an awful gulf of snow, so vast and deep that its limits were concealed by fog. Above me a line of snow was just discernible, and altogether the prospect was such a gloomy one, with its all-surrounding curtain of sombre cloud, and its uninhabited wastes of snow and rock, that my heart sank within me at my loneliness. . . . Turning momentarily northwards, I rounded the rift of snow, and once more dragged myself, now breathless and panting, and with aching limbs, along the slippery ridge of bare rock, which went ever mounting upwards. . . . The feeling that overcame me when I sat and gasped for breath on the wet and slippery rocks at this great height, was one of overwhelming isolation. I felt as if I should never more regain the force to move, and must remain and die amid this horrid solitude of stones and snow. Then I took some brandy-and-water from my flask, and a little courage came

back to me. I was miserably cold, the driving mist having wetted me to the skin. Yet the temperature recorded here was above the freezing-point, being thirty-five degrees Fahrenheit. . . . The mercury rose to 183.8. This observation, when properly computed, and with the correction added for the temperature of the intermediate air, gives a height of sixteen thousand three hundred and fifteen feet as the highest point I attained on Kilima-Njaro.'

When he returned to the camping-place, Mr Johnston found that his three followers had deserted him, being thoroughly terrified, and certain that the white man had perished on the lonely heights. With much difficulty he made his way to the station on the lower ground, where the great body of his attendants had remained; and in due course the whole party arrived safely again at Taveita. From there a new route was taken, by way of Lake Jipé, to the coast at Pangani, where the followers were paid off. An English mission afforded Mr Johnston shelter until he could get a passage on an Arab *dau* to Zanzibar, where he caught the mail-steamer; and in little more than six weeks after getting his last glimpse of the snow-peaks of Kilima-Njaro, from the shores of Lake Jipé, the gallant explorer was in London once more.

Although attaining the highest altitude yet reached by man in Africa, Mr Johnston did not complete the conquest of Kilima-Njaro. But he reached within two thousand feet of the summit; and having shown the way, it will be odd if some of the adventurous spirits among alpine climbers do not essay the task of peering into the hidden depths of the crater of Kibô. Be this as it may, the expedition has resulted in the acquisition of a vast amount of valuable information about the geography, the fauna, and flora of this strange district, where in two days you can ascend from equatorial heat to arctic cold. Even in the plains, the temperature is, for six months in the year, quite bearable, and in some parts delightful. The extreme fertility of the mountain slopes, the abundance of game, the stores of ivory to be obtained from the vast herds of elephants, the rare and beautiful skins—in short, all the known riches of animal and vegetable production, and the supposed existence of mineral deposits, such as copper and nitrate of soda, point to this district as destined to play an important part in the future of Africa.

IN ALL SHADES.

CHAPTER XIII.

'FATHER, father,' Dr Whitaker whispered in a low voice, 'let us go aside a little—down into my cabin or somewhere—away from this crowd here. I am so glad, so happy to be back with you again; so delighted to be home once more, dear, dear father. But don't you see, everybody is looking at us and observing us!'

The old mulatto glanced around him with an oily glance of profound self-satisfaction. Yes, undoubtedly; he was the exact centre of an admiring audience. It was just such a house as he loved to play to. He turned once more to his trembling son, whose sturdy knees were

almost giving way feebly beneath him, and redoubled the ardour of his paternal demonstrativeness. 'My son, my son, my own dear boy!' he said once more; and then, stepping back two paces and opening his arms effusively, he ran forward quickly with short mincing steps, and pressed the astonished doctor with profound warmth to his swelling bosom. There was an expansiveness and a gushing effusion about the action which made the spectators titter audibly; and the titter cut the poor young mulatto keenly to the heart with a sense of his utter helplessness and ridiculousness in this absurd situation. He wondered to himself when the humiliating scene would ever be finished. But the old man was not satisfied yet. Releasing his son once more from his fat grasp, he placed his two big hands akimbo on his hips, puckered up his eyebrows as if searching for some possible flaw in a horse or in a woman's figure—he was a noted connoisseur in either—and held his head pushed jauntily forward, staring once more at his son with his small pig's eyes from top to toe. At last, satisfied apparently with his close scrutiny, and prepared to acknowledge that it was all very good, he seized the young doctor quickly by the shoulders, and kissing him with a loud smack on either cheek, proceeded to slobber him piece-meal all over the face, exactly like a nine-months'-old baby. Dr Whitaker's cheeks tingled and burned, so that even through that dusky skin, Edward, who stood a little distance off, commiserating him, could see the hot blood rushing to his face by the deepened and darkened colour in the very centre.

Presently, old Bobby seemed to be sufficiently sated with this particular form of theatrical entertainment, and turned round pleasantly to the remainder of the company. 'My son,' he said, not without a real touch of heart-felt, paternal pride, as he glanced towards the gentlemanly looking and well-dressed young doctor, 'your fellow-passengers! Introduce me! Which is de son of my ole and valued friend, de Honourable James Hawthorn, of Wagwater?'

Dr Whitaker, glad to divert attention from himself on any excuse, waved his hand quietly towards Edward.

'How do you do, Mr Whitaker?' Edward said, in as low and quiet a tone as possible, anxious as he was to disappoint the little gaping crowd of amused spectators. 'We have all derived a great deal of pleasure from your son's society on our way across. His music has been the staple entertainment of the whole voyage. We have appreciated it immensely.'

But old Bobby was not to be put off with private conversation aside in a gentle undertone. He was accustomed to living his life in public, and he wasn't going to be balked of his wonted entertainment. 'Yes, Mr Hawthorn,' he answered in a loud voice, 'you are right, sah. De taste for music an' de taste for beauty in de ladies are two tastes dat are seldom wantin' to de sons or de grandsons of Africa, however far removed from de original negro.' (As he spoke, he glanced back with a touch of contempt and an infinite superiority of manner at the pure-blooded blacks, who were now busily engaged in picking up portmanteaus from the deck, and squabbling with one another as to which was to carry the

buckras' luggage. Your mulatto, however dark, always in a good-humoured, tolerant way, utterly despises his coal-black brethren.) 'Bote dose tastes are highly developed in my own pusson. Bote no doubt my son, Wilberforce Clarkson Whitaker, is liable to inherit from his fader's family. In de exercise of de second, I cannot fail to perceive dat dis lady beside you must be Mrs Hawthorn. Sah'—with a sidelong leer of his fat eyes—'I congratulate you mos' sincerely on your own taste in female beauty. A very nice, fresh-lookin' young lady, Mrs Hawthorn.'

Marian's face grew fiery red; and Edward hardly knew whether to laugh off the awkward compliment, or to draw himself up and stroll away, as though the conversation had reached its natural ending.

'And de odder young lady,' Bobby went on, quite unconscious of the effect he had produced—'de odder young lady? Your sister, now, or Mrs Hawthorn's?'

'This is Miss Dupuy of Orange Grove,' Edward answered hesitatingly; for he hardly knew what remark old Bobby might next venture upon. And indeed, as a matter of fact, the old mulatto's conversation, even in the presence of ladies, was not at all times restrained by all those artificial rules of decorum imposed on most of us by what appeared to him a ridiculously strait-laced and puritanical white conventionality.

But Edward's answer seemed to have an extraordinary effect in sobering and toning down the old man's exuberant volubility; he pulled off his hat with a respectful bow, and said in a lower and more polite voice: 'I have de honour of knowing Miss Dupuy's fader; I am proud to make Miss Dupuy's acquaintance.'

'Here, Bobby!' the captain called out from a little forward—'you come here, say. The first-officer wants to introduce you'—with a wink at Edward—to His Excellency the Peruvian ambassador.—Look here, Mr Hawthorn; don't you let Bobby talk too long to your ladies, sir. He sometimes blurts out something, you know, that ladies ain't exactly accustomed to. We seafaring men are a bit rough on occasion ourselves, certainly; but we know how to behave for all that before the women.—Bobby, don't; you'd better be careful.'

'Thank you,' Edward said, and again felt his heart smitten with a sort of remorse for poor Dr Whitaker. That quick, sensitive, enthusiastic young man to be tied down for life to such a father! It was too terrible. In fact, it was a tragedy.

'Splendid take-down for that stuck-up, young brown doctor,' the English officer exclaimed aside in a whisper to Edward. 'Shake a little of the confounded conceit out of him, I should say. He wanted taking down a peg.—Screaming farce, isn't he, the old father?'

'I never saw a more pitiable or pitiful scene in my whole life,' Edward answered earnestly. 'Poor fellow, I'm profoundly sorry for him; he looks absolutely broken-hearted.'

The young officer gazed at him in mute astonishment. 'Can't see a joke, that fellow Hawthorn,' he thought to himself. 'Had all the fun worked out of him, I suppose, over there at Cambridge. Awful prig! Quite devoid of

the sense of humour. Sorry for his poor wife; she'll have a dull life of it.—Never saw such an amusing old fool in all my days as that ridiculous, fat old nigger fellow!

Meanwhile, James Hawthorn had been standing on the wharf, waiting for the first crush of negroes and hangers-on to work itself off, and looking for an easy opportunity to come aboard in order to meet his son and daughter. By-and-by the crush subsided, and the old man stepped on to the gangway and made his way down upon the deck.

In a moment, Edward was wringing his hand fervently, and father and son had exchanged one single kiss of recognition in that half-shamefaced, hasty fashion in which men of our race usually get through that very un-English ceremony of greeting.

'Father, father,' Edward said, 'I am so thankful to see you once more; so anxious to see my dear mother.'

There were tears standing in both their eyes as his father answered: 'My boy, my boy! I've denied myself this pleasure for years; and now—now it's come, it's almost too much for me.'

There was a moment's pause, and then Mr Hawthorn turned to Marian. 'My daughter,' he said, kissing her with a fatherly kiss, 'we know you, and love you already, from Edward's letters; and we'll do our best, as far as we can, to make you happy.'

There was another pause, and then the father said again: 'You didn't get my telegram, Edward?'

'Yes, father, I got it; but not till we were on the very point of starting. The steamer was actually under weigh, and we couldn't have stopped even if we had wished to. There was nothing for it but to come on as we were, in spite of it.'

'Oh, Mr Hawthorn, there's papa!' Nora cried excitedly. 'There he is, coming down the gangway.' And as she spoke, Mr Dupuy's portly form was seen advancing towards them with slow deliberateness.

For a second, he gazed about him curiously, looking for Nora; then, as he saw her, he walked over towards her in his leisurely, dawdling, West Indian fashion. Nora darted forward and flung her arms impulsively around him. 'So you've come, Nora,' the old gentleman said quietly, disembarassing himself with elephantine gracefulness from her close embrace—'so you've come, after all, in spite of my telegram!—How was this, my dear? How was this, tell me?'

'Yes, papa,' Nora answered, a little abashed at his serene manner. 'The telegram was too late—it was thrown on board after we'd started. But we've got out all safe, you see.—And Marian—you know—Marian Ord—Mrs Hawthorn that is now—she's taken great care of me; and, except for the hurricane, we've had such a delightful voyage!'

Mr Dupuy drew himself up to his stateliest eminence and looked straight across at Marian Hawthorn with stiff politeness. 'I didn't know it was to Mrs Hawthorn, I'm sure,' he said, 'that I was to be indebted for your safe arrival here in Trinidad. It was very good of Mrs Hawthorn, I don't doubt, to bring you out

to us and act as your chaperon. I am much obliged to Mrs Hawthorn for her kind attention and care of you on the voyage. I must thank Mrs Hawthorn very sincerely for the trouble she may have been put to on your account.—Good-morning, Mrs Hawthorn!—Good-morning, Mr Hawthorn! Your son, I suppose? Ah, so I imagined.—Good-morning, good-morning.' He raised his hat with formal courtesy to Marian, and bowed slightly to the son and father. Then he drew Nora's arm carefully in his, and was just about to walk her immediately off the steamer, when Nora burst from him in the utmost amazement and rushed up to kiss Marian. 'Papa,' she cried, 'I don't think you understand. This is Marian Ord, don't you know? General Ord's daughter, that I've written to you about so often. She's my dearest friend, and now she's married to Mr Edward Hawthorn—this is he—and Aunt Harriet gave me in charge to her to come across with; and I must just say good-bye to her before I leave her.—Thank you, dear, thank you both so much for all your kindness. Not, of course, that it matters about saying good-bye to you, for you and we will be such very, very near neighbours, and of course we'll see a great deal of one another.—Won't we, papa? We shall be near neighbours, and see a great deal of Marian always, now she's come here to live—won't we?'

Mr Dupuy bowed again very stiffly. 'We shall be very near neighbours, undoubtedly,' he answered with unruffled politeness; 'and I shall hope to take an early opportunity of paying my respects to—to your friend, General Ord's daughter.—I am much obliged, once more, to Mrs Hawthorn for her well-meant attentions. Good-morning.—This way, Nora, my dear. This way to the Orange Grove carriage.'

'Father,' Edward exclaimed, in doubt and dismay, looking straight down into his father's eyes, 'what does it all mean? Explain it all to us. I'm utterly bewildered. Why did you telegraph to us not to come? And why did Nora Dupuy's father telegraph to her, too, an identical message?'

Mr Hawthorn drew a deep breath and looked back at him with a face full of consternation and pity. 'He telegraphed to her, too, did he?' he muttered half to himself in slow reflection. 'He telegraphed to prevent her from coming out in the *Severn*! I might have guessed as much—it's very like him.—My boy, my boy—and my dear daughter—this is a poor welcome for you, a very poor welcome! We never wanted you to come out here; and if we could, we would have prevented it. But now that you've come, you've come, and there's no helping it. We must just try to do our best to make you both tolerably comfortable.'

Marian stood in blank astonishment and silent wonder at this strange greeting. A thousand vague possibilities floated instantaneously through her mind, to be dismissed the next second, on closer consideration, as absolutely impossible. Why on earth did this handsome, dignified, courtly old gentleman wish to keep them away from Trinidad? He wasn't poor; he wasn't uneducated; he wasn't without honour in his own country. That he was a gentleman to the backbone, she could see and feel the moment

she looked at him and heard him speak. What, then, could be his objection to his son's coming out to visit him in his own surroundings? Had he committed some extraordinary crime? Was he an ex-convict, or a fraudulent bankrupt, or a defaulting trustee? Did he fear to let his son discover his shame? But no. The bare idea was absolutely impossible. You had only to gaze once upon that fine, benevolent, clear-cut, transparently truthful face—as transparently truthful as Edward's own—to see immediately that James Hawthorn was a man of honour. It was an insoluble mystery, and Marian's heart sank within her as she wondered to herself what this gloomy welcome foreboded for the future.

'Father,' Edward exclaimed, looking at him once more with appealing eyes, 'do explain to us what you mean? Why didn't you want us to come to Trinidad? The suspense is too terrible! We shall be expecting something worse than the reality. Tell us now. Whatever it is, we are strong enough to bear it. I know it can be nothing mean or dishonourable that you have to conceal from us! For Marian's sake, explain it, explain it!'

The old man turned his face away with a bitter gesture. 'My boy, my boy, my poor boy,' he answered slowly and remorsefully, 'I cannot tell you. I can never tell you. You will find it out for yourself soon enough. But I—I—I can never tell you!'

DUST AND HOUSE REFUSE:

SHOWING WHAT BECOMES OF IT.

If any of our readers are in the habit of passing a contractor's or town's yard, he will, perhaps, remember perceiving, alongside the outer walls, a busy scene going on, which he cannot exactly make out. A crowd of women toiling and moiling amid heaps of rubbish, two or three barges laden with vegetable refuse, he can distinguish plainly enough; but it is not until he sees a string of dustcarts slowly wending their way towards the distant wharf, that the thought flashes upon his mind that the busy human ants he has been watching are scavengers, sorting and arranging the refuse of the great towns and cities. There is nothing particularly attractive in a scavenger's yard: neither the sights nor the smells are pleasant; nevertheless, the scene that here meets his eye, repellent as it is, could not exist in any other than a high state of civilisation. When we think of it, the dustbin is the tomb of the householder; it is the grave into which all our domestic surroundings inevitably sink. Of old, in the ruder states of society, this dust and refuse found its final rest in mother earth; but with us, its removal by the scavenger is only the first stage of its elevation to a higher existence, if we may so speak. In detail, as it exists in every household, it is a nuisance to be got rid of; in the aggregate, it becomes a valuable commodity, to be re-imported into our arts and manufactures.

As the great lumbering carts arrive in a dust-contractor's yard, their contents are emptied into isolated heaps. No sooner does this take place, than they are each in detail attacked by grimy men, who remove all the larger articles, such as

vegetable matter, old coal-scuttles, old crinolines—or rather crinolettes—old hats, and old garments. This is a kind of rough sifting which prepares the heap for the attacks of the women, who instantly settle upon every heap like a flock of crows that may happen to spy any carrion in a field. Each woman as she settles upon the heap comes sieve in hand, and spreads around her a number of baskets; the man now fills the sieve, and the process of separating the dust-heap into its elements begins. The first few shakes of the sieve throw down all the fine ashes and the coal-dust. This detritus becomes a very valuable commodity when collected and put to its right use. It is used by brick-makers to mix with the clay, and does its part in the ultimate baking of the brick. In the neighbourhood of most of our railways, our readers may have noticed vast heaps of fine black dust burning with a slow combustion and with much smoke. These heaps consist of bricks which are being baked. They are placed in rows a little apart, and their interstices are filled with the fine 'breeze,' as the coal-ashes are termed; a light is set below, and gradually the whole mass fires to a dull red heat, the 'breeze' intimately mixed with the clay helping to bake the inside of the brick in the most perfect manner without vitrifying it. The 'breeze' is the most valuable portion of the dust, and it rises or falls in value according to the amount of building going on and to the rate of its production; in the summer, but little, comparatively, is made. Coal-dust, it must be remembered, is entirely a distinct refuse from road-dust, which also possesses a certain value, as we shall show by-and-by. When all the finer refuse has passed through the sieve, the larger and coarser articles remain upon the top. There glisten some pieces of broken glass; this, of course, only requires to be remelted to be put once more into circulation in the world. Considering the brittle nature of this material and the enormous quantities of it employed, it is fortunate that it is almost indestructible. When we break a window, we only alter the arrangement of its particles. Broken into a thousand pieces, it remains as good glass as ever; time will not touch it. The remnants of glass that are found among the Roman remains that have been lying in the ground for two thousand years, are as fit for the glass-pot as though it had been made yesterday; phials and old bottles are rarely even chipped, hence they are merely washed, and they pass again into the drawers of the chemist or apothecary.

Bones form another constant contribution to the sieve, and a valuable item they are to the dust contractor. There is a grand tussle going on for their possession both by the manufacturer and agriculturist. The larger bones are first boiled, in order to extract all their fat and gelatine. The purposes the former article is put to are too numerous to be mentioned; a good deal of the finer kind goes to make pomatum and soap; the gelatine is, we do not doubt, used as the basis of soups; and we know that it is employed in the manufacture of jujube lozenges. The smaller bones, which cannot be used in the constructive arts, are equally valuable in agriculture. When ground down to a fine powder

and mixed with sulphuric acid, they become that great fertiliser, superphosphate of lime, restoring to the soil all the productive qualities that have been taken out of it by over-cropping. Wheat-growing is very exhaustive to the soil; indeed, we could not go on growing wheat for many years without reducing it to sterility, were it not for the use of this superphosphate. Phosphorus, again, is another extractive from bones.

Old iron finds its way into a very spacious sieve. Like the glass, its substance is difficult to destroy; indeed, some old iron is rendered much more valuable by being knocked about. Thus, old iron in the form of horseshoes, and horseshoe nails, fetches a much higher price than the original metal from which they were made; the toughness it acquires by constant blows and concussions gives it a greatly enhanced value in the market. Old tinned articles, such as slop-pails and saucepans, are first heated, to recover their tin and the solder with which they are made, both of which articles are more valuable than the old iron. Paper is carefully collected, and goes once again to the paper-mills. Like glass, the original fibre is very indestructible; for all we know, the note-paper on which we indite the tenderest love-letters to our beloved was made from an old account-book of a tallow-chandler, or from the musty records of the past centuries. In turning over the ragman's basket, what a singular history we have! The ball-dress of a lady drops into a rag-basket and reappears as a billet-doux; disappears again to reappear once more in the drawing-room or the nursery as a workbox of papier-mâché, or a doll, or even into the wheels of railway trucks, and other uses to which paper is now put.

Whilst, however, we are watching the sifters grubbing over the heaps—as we have said, like so many crows—they all rise together, as we sometimes see these birds do, without any apparent cause, and make off to the nearest public-house. But there is a cause, we may be sure, for this sudden flight. If you ask the overlooker, he speedily enlightens you. 'Oh, they've been and found some money in the dustheap, and when they do, it is a rule among them to share it together in drink.' By-and-by, their little jollification over, they return. If there is anything that can be used as food in the dust, the 'hill-women' are entitled to it as a perquisite. In this manner they obtain many pieces of bread which the reader might not like to eat, but which they either do not object to, or put to other uses.

All the pieces of wood are also considered to be theirs; and when they leave work, they may be seen laden with fuel of this kind, which saves them more expensive firing. The broken china and crockery goes to make the foundations of roads and paths; and all the 'soft core'—namely, refuse vegetable matter—is returned directly to the fields in the shape of manure. Old clothes are not the least valuable items of the dustyard. Anything in the shape of cotton, even to the covering of the crinoline steels and stay-bones, is put aside for the paper-mill. Cloth finds its way to the shoddy-mills of Lancashire, where it is purified and ground down and remade into coarse cloth. The old woollen garments that are turned thus into shoddy are equal to a contribution of twenty-five thousand tons of

wool. Yet these old clothes, not many years ago, were considered of no more value than to be thrown upon the manure-heap, there slowly to suffer disintegration until fit to be placed upon the land. Indeed, there is a class of rags which is now taken directly to the soil. Old house and dish cloths soaked with grease and animal refuse make capital manure. In the dust-contractors' yards we may see them spread upon the ground to dry, preparatory to their being forwarded to the hop-grounds, where they are much used for the cultivation of that plant. Old boots and shoes, if not too much dilapidated, find their way to the back slums of the town, where a class of tradesmen live who patch them up, and, by the aid of heel-ball, make them once more presentable.

We had almost forgotten to say that no inconsiderable amount of coal is rescued from the dustheap. This, of course, does not go to the brickyard; it is purchased by the poor. In well-to-do neighbourhoods, and especially in the fashionable quarter of the town, the ashes are rarely sifted; hence, pieces of coal half-burnt, or small lumps, are thrown away every morning. This extravagance makes the 'dust' of the better portions of the town far more valuable than that collected from the poverty-stricken districts. Indeed, the dust in the aristocratic portion of the town is richer in every valuable refuse—there are more bones, more 'breeze,' more refuse clothing, than ever find a chance of getting into the boxes and middens of the poor quarter.

We have said that the dust from the roads is kept distinct from the dust of the ashpit. Road-dust is always very rich in manure, which makes it valuable as a top-dressing for meadows. It is also largely used to mix with soft clay for the making of inferior bricks, and we have ascertained that it is also used for a more unsightly adulteration. The composition with which many of the cheaply run-up houses are smoothed over and made to appear ornamental, is very freely mixed with road-dust. The evil of this we speedily see in the green stains with which all such structures are disfigured, such green stains being nothing more than a vegetation that occurs in all damp spots, and finds its support in this surreptitious dust.

Thus the grimy scavenger and 'hill-women' perform a valuable part in the world. By their aid we return to the exhausted fields the riches the towns have drawn from them; and they arrest from speedy destruction a score of valuable products, and set them once more in circulation in the busy world.

THE HAUNTED JUNGLE.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAP. II.—INVISIBLE.

WHEN the púsari came to his senses, he found himself lying in the jungle. It was early morning; but there was sufficient light for him to distinguish the surrounding objects. He sat up and looked about him. At first, he could not realise where he was; but when recollection of his night's adventure flashed across his mind, he became instantly wide awake. He looked curiously and anxiously round. There was not

the least sign of any village or habitation of any sort—only dense, pathless jungle all round! For some time he sat trying to recall the incidents of the past night. It seemed to him like a wild dream. He shuddered when he thought of it, and rising hastily, he prepared to leave the uncanny spot. But he could see no path or track of any kind. At length, noting the position of the sun, he decided that Pandiyan must be in a certain direction, and at once began to make his way through the jungle towards it. It was laborious and slow work forcing his way through the dense undergrowth; but in about half an hour he struck a path which he recognised as leading from a neighbouring village to Pandiyan. He had not gone far along this path when he met a man driving a number of pack-bullocks. To his surprise, the leading bullock came straight towards him, as if it did not see him; and the path being narrow, he had to step aside into the jungle to avoid it.

'Hallo, brother!' he said to the man driving the bullocks, 'where are you going, and what have you got in the packs?'

The man took no notice and made no answer, but merely shouted to his bullocks and passed on. The púsári was inclined to be angry at the man's supposed rudeness; but thinking that perhaps he was deaf and had not seen him, he went on his way without remark.

Presently he met a man from a neighbouring village whom he knew well, coming along the path towards him. 'Salaam, Arumukam!' he said as they neared each other; 'you are about early this morning.'

To his great astonishment, the man came striding along as if he neither saw nor heard him; and the púsári had to jump hastily aside, lest he should be thrown down. For a few moments he stared after his retreating friend, amazed at his extraordinary conduct; then he burst into a passion, and shouting after him loudly, cursed him and his manners. But the man went quietly on without replying, or even turning his head.

Very much surprised at what had happened, and in an angry, disturbed frame of mind, the púsári resumed his journey. Soon he came to the river. As he went down the steep descent to the water, he was horror-struck to see a huge wild elephant appear from behind the bushes overhanging the river, a few yards off, and come towards him. There was no way of escape. The banks of the river rose perpendicularly on either side of him, and there was no time for him to scramble back by the way he had come. On came the elephant, dripping with water from its morning bath in the river, and lazily swinging its trunk and flapping its ears. The púsári stood petrified with terror in full view of the animal, unable to move hand or foot. The elephant advanced till it stood directly over him. But instead of throwing him down and crushing him to death, as the púsári momentarily expected, it leisurely broke off a branch from a bush on the bank above him and slowly munched it. He could feel its hot breath as he crouched against the bank under its huge head. Suddenly it turned away, listened for a moment to some sound in the distance, and then walked slowly off down the river. With a feeling of intense

relief, he watched it out of sight. It was evident the elephant had neither seen nor smelt him; but for what reason he could not imagine.

Picking up his stick, which he had dropped in his fright, the púsári went down to the water to wade through to the other side; and then he discovered the reason of the strange behaviour of the two men he had met, and why the elephant had not molested him. As he entered the pool, he happened to glance down, and instantly saw, to his intense horror, that his form was not reflected in it! It was some moments before he realised what had happened. He was invisible! The water he had drunk at the písári village was a magic draught, and its effect had been to make him invisible. Long and earnestly did he gaze down into the water; but in vain; only the reflection of the blue sky and overhanging trees appeared on the bright face of the pool. At length, in an agony of alarm and distress, he waded through the water, without, however, causing the faintest ripple on its surface, and hurried off to the village, in the hope of finding that his dreadful suspicion was not true. Close to the village he met a boy, the son of a neighbour, driving some cattle to the tank pasture; the urchin passed him without a word and without looking at him. The púsári groaned aloud and passed on. Soon he reached the village, and passed through, glancing about him with terrified anxiety, in the hope that some one would recognise him. But though several of the villagers were standing about, not one of them took the smallest notice of him. He went straight to his own house. Just as he reached the gate, his daughter came out carrying a water-pot on her hip; she was going to the well for water. The púsári stood before her in an agony of fear and expectation. To his unutterable horror, she walked past him without the slightest sign of recognition!

'Vallee, my child!' he cried, stretching out his hands beseechingly, 'do you not see me?' But the girl walked on unconcernedly.

Just then a woman came out of a hut near by bound on the same errand as herself. 'Well, child,' she exclaimed, addressing Vallee, 'what did the mūdliya say to your father?'

'I don't know,' she replied; 'he has not come back yet.'

This answer completely dispelled the hope that the púsári had clung to—that his daughter might yet recognise him. He knew now what a mighty spell was on him, and that he was invisible to mortal eyes, and had no substance or voice. Wringing his hands and wailing aloud, but inaudibly to all human ears, he followed the two women to the well, and listened with agony and despair in his heart to their chatter and laughter. Several times he shouted, as he thought loudly, to his daughter, in the hope of making her hear, and also attempted to seize her by the arm; but she neither heard his voice nor felt his touch. Before entering the house again, on her return from the well, Vallee looked for some moments in the direction of the path to Mankulam, in the hope or expectation, apparently, of seeing her father appear, little thinking how near he was to her. The púsári entered the hut with her and sat down in his

accustomed corner, overwhelmed by his terrible misfortune.

Suddenly there was a noise in the village outside. Some one, in loud excited tones, was relating something which seemed to be of startling import, from the loud ejaculations of surprise that followed. Listening intently, the púsári heard a man say: 'Yes, the mǔdliya has been murdered, and his money-box broken open and rifled!'

Vallee, too, had evidently caught the words, for, starting up, she rushed out, and was followed by her father. A number of villagers were standing under a tree listening to a man whom the púsári recognised as an inhabitant of Mánkúlam. He was talking rapidly and with much gesticulation. On catching sight of Vallee, he stopped short, and with a glance round, asked loudly and abruptly: 'Where is your father, child?'

'I don't know,' replied the girl, noting with surprise the meaning looks which the villagers exchanged. 'He went last night to Mánkúlam to see the mǔdliya, and has not yet come home.'

'The mǔdliya has been murdered,' said the man gravely; 'and the púsári's knife has been found, and it is covered with blood!'

Vallee instantly understood what the man implied. With widely opened eyes and parted lips, she stood transfixed to the spot. She knew too well her father's uncontrollable temper, not to feel him capable of any deed, however atrocious, when his passions were roused. Yet she loved him fondly and sincerely, and when she realised the awful nature of the crime with which he was charged, she threw herself on the ground and abandoned herself to grief and despair, refusing the comfort offered her by the women standing round.

The villagers, meanwhile, plied the bringer of the news with questions. He related how the mǔdliya's little grandson had been present at a stormy interview between his grandfather and the púsári, at which the latter had uttered many threats; how, after the púsári had left the house, he had returned when the mǔdliya was alone, and had murdered him, and then robbed him of all his money and jewels. This was proved by the finding of his knife covered with blood, and by his disappearance, he having clearly fled to escape the penalty of his crime. The púsári's rage on hearing himself charged with such a dreadful deed was excessive. Boiling over with wrath, he turned about in the crowd, addressing one and then another with indignant denials and protests. But though he shouted and raved and gesticulated, no one saw or heard him; and at length, seeing how fruitless his efforts to make himself heard were, he quieted down and waited to see what would be done next.

Presently, a party of villagers, full of pleasant excitement and curiosity, started off for Mánkúlam, the scene of the murder, and the púsári decided to go with them. As they went along, he listened with grim, bitter amusement to the remarks his fellow-villagers made about him. His unneighbourly hatred of Iyan Elúvan, his violent temper and quarrelsome nature, were the subject of general condemnation. It appeared,

by what they said, that one and all of the party had long foreseen what his evil passions would bring him to. Every man of them believed him to be guilty of the murder, and there was not one to express any doubt or to say a good word for him.

In such pleasant converse the party arrived at Mánkúlam, and went to the headman's house. It was crowded inside and out by an excited, curious throng. The púsári made his way into the hut. On a bed, in the middle of it, lay the body of the mǔdliya. A wound in the throat, exposed to view, showed how he had come by his death, and indications were not wanting that he had struggled hard for life. A number of women, relatives of the deceased, were shrieking in chorus the death-wail over the corpse. In a corner of the hut sat a young man, a minor headman from a neighbouring village, busily engaged in inquiring into all the circumstances of the murder. He was occupied in making a list, from the statements of the murdered man's relatives, of the missing articles of jewellery. The strong-box from which they had been stolen stood, with its lid broken, before him. Lying on the floor beside him was a knife, which the púsári immediately recognised as his own, though how it got there and came to be covered with blood, was more than he could guess. As he listened to the questions of the headman and heard the remarks of the bystanders, the púsári began to feel a kind of grim satisfaction in the fact of his being invisible, so black seemed the case against him. He could not but feel that the evidence produced more than justified them all in believing him to be the murderer.

As he moved invisibly about the hut, he suddenly caught sight of his enemy Iyan Elúvan entering the door. Iyan was accompanied by his younger brother Valan, Vallee's lover, a tall, well-made young man, with handsome, pleasant features. The two men were very unlike each other in every way—in features, expression, and manner, and no stranger would have thought them to be brothers. On catching sight of Iyan, the púsári moved close to him and watched him keenly. He had a nervous downcast air, very different from his usual hard, bold expression. He looked furtively and quickly round, and the púsári noticed a peculiar expression pass over his face as he glanced at the corpse and then hurriedly averted his eyes. A thought, a suspicion suddenly rushed into the púsári's mind. There stood the murderer! It was Iyan Elúvan who had taken the mǔdliya's life; and he had used his enemy's knife, of which he had in some way got possession, in order to cast the suspicion on him. As the thought struck him, the púsári stepped fiercely forward to seize and denounce him; then he recollected his strange position, and with a strong effort, restrained himself. For some moments he stood glaring malevolently but invisibly at his enemy.

'This is an awful thing, Iyan,' remarked a man standing by.

'Ay,' he responded in a gruff, harsh voice. 'I felt sure that mad fool Ráman Ummiyan would do this. I met him yesterday on his way here, and heard him swear he would have the mǔdliya's life.'

On hearing this lie, the púsári's rage boiled over, but he could do nothing but utter inaudible curses and threats. He soon tired, however, of his useless ravings, and calmed down once more. Iyan did not remain long in the house; he went to the headman, who took down his statement, to which he swore, adding many cunning and malicious embellishments, which made the lie seem very like truth. As he left the hut accompanied by his brother, the púsári followed them. The brothers separated in the village, and Iyan started for Pandiyan with his unseen enemy behind him. The púsári could not rid himself of the feeling that he was still visible, and so followed at some distance. Iyan walked fast, glancing over his shoulder from time to time and muttering as he went.

The púsári followed his enemy about all day. Iyan did but little work of any kind, but sat moody and restless in his hut all the afternoon, only going occasionally to the door and glancing anxiously around. He was alone in the hut, as he was a widower and had no children, while Valan, who lived with him, was absent at Mánkúlam. Late in the afternoon he began to make preparations for cooking the evening meal, but in a very preoccupied, desultory manner. When it grew dusk, he suddenly stopped, went to the door, and looked out to see if he was being watched; and seeing he was not, slipped out, through the fence, into the jungle at the back of his hut. The púsári followed him. Iyan pushed his way through the dense undergrowth for some distance till he came to a huge hollow tree that had been blasted by lightning; here he stopped for a few minutes in a listening attitude. Hearing nothing to alarm him, he fell on his knees and thrust his arm into a hole under the roots and drew out something tied up in a cloth. The púsári saw his enemy open the bundle, and then his suspicion that he was the murderer of the headman was fully confirmed, for it was full of jewellery and rupees. For some minutes Iyan remained gloating over his ill-gotten wealth, counting the money and fingering the jewels. Once he started, and a look of terror passed over his face. He had heard a rustle overhead; but it was only caused by a small monkey in the tree above, which was watching his movements with intense curiosity. At length Iyan tied up his booty and replaced it in the hollow tree, and then sneaked back to his hut, unseen by any one but his invisible enemy. Soon afterwards, his brother Valan returned home, and the two men cooked and ate their evening meal almost in silence. After watching them for some time, the púsári went off to his own house.

He found Vallee lying moaning in a corner, utterly prostrated by the heavy blow that had fallen on her. A kind-hearted woman of the village had brought her some food, as she had not cooked anything for herself; but the weeping girl refused to eat, and lay moaning and sobbing as if her heart was breaking. The púsári longed to be able to speak to her and assure her of his innocence; but made no attempt to do so, knowing how useless it would be. At length the woman went away, and the púsári sat for a long time watching with an aching heart his sorrowing, unhappy daughter. At last, exhausted by

her weeping and grief, Vallee fell asleep. Seeing this, he rose, and went out into the village. It was now quite dark, and nearly every one had retired to rest. He wandered aimlessly about till he found himself before the little temple on the dam of the tank. All was dark within save where a faint light shone through a hole in the roof on to the hideous little idol. He entered the temple and stood before the shrine. Long and earnestly did he pray to the god to deliver him from the spell that had been cast on him, and many were the promises and vows he made should his prayer be granted. Then he began to dance before the idol, chanting sacred mantras or hymns. All night long did the púsári remain in the temple, sometimes offering puja, sometimes praying, and at other times dancing wildly before the shrine. But the little stone god stood black and silent in its niche, and no answer came to the púsári's passionate prayers.

A NIGHT-RAID ON DONEGAL SMUGGLERS.

On a wild, stormy evening, some years ago, the writer was returning to Ballyroughan, a miserable little town on the bleak coast of Donegal. It had rained heavily all day, but having cleared up a little, I drew rein as I approached the town. On such an evening the scene was far from inspiring. The road followed the windings of the seashore, here bounded by huge rocks, over which the waves were dashing furiously, like demons storming a fort. About five miles from the mainland lay the little island of Innismurphy, almost shrouded in mist, and only discernible by the ring of white foam which marked its coast. Beyond, stretched the Atlantic, raging with all the force and passion of a November storm. I had barely time to take in this scene, when I was accosted by a man, who seemed to rise out of the road at my side.

'It's a seave day, yer honour,' said he, politely touching his hat. 'God be good to them that's at sea on an evening like that.'

'It is very stormy, indeed; but I think the worst of it is now over.'

'God sind it, thin, for it's hard times for the fishermen; though it's mighty good for the stillin.'

'Good for the stilling!' I said. 'What do you mean?'

'Why, I mane there's little fear of "the boys" being interrupted in weather like that.'

'Interrupted at what?'

'Why, at the stillin', av coorse; and by the same token, yonder they're at it; and he pointed to the little island already referred to, now partially disrobed of its mist.

'Do you mean to say that there is illicit distillation now going on at that island?'

'Faix and you've just guessed it; and sure it comes mighty handy, by rayson that the fair is on Monday.'

I need not weary the reader with all that passed between me and my chance companion,

whom I recognised as Mickey Mehaffey, a hanger-on about one of the hotels in the town. From Mickey I learned that the inhabitants of Innismurry consisted of about a score of families, who obtained a living by fishing and illicit distillation, and I grieve to say, chiefly by the latter. There were no police on the island, and as in stormy weather it was wholly unapproachable from the mainland, they could carry on their nefarious business without fear of 'disturbance.' At other times their scouts could give at least half-an-hour's warning of approaching danger, and this was sufficient to enable them to secrete their contraband goods before the 'inimy' arrived. And when hard pressed, the Atlantic always formed a safe and capacious storehouse. They had also their agents and confederates on the mainland, who assisted them to land and dispose of the poteen prior to fairs, wakes, and marriages, these being the favourite channels of 'home consumption.'

But to return to Mickey. He still kept a wistful eye on the island, particularly on one little curl of blue smoke that he assured me arose from the identical cabin where the stills were at that moment being 'fired.'

'They'll be sure to land it on Sunday night,' said he, 'as Monday is the fair. The new ganger is very severe, I'm towld, and means to make a raid on them.'

'Who told you that?' I asked.

'Oh, the devil a one; sure, I've been dhraming it, or something.'

'Well, Mickey,' said I, 'since you've been so very free with your information, I don't mind telling you that I am the "new ganger" myself, and certainly mean to put a stop to this smuggling, if possible.'

'Oh, the saints protect us!' piously ejaculated Mickey. 'Bad luck to the tongue of me! I've been an informer all unbeknownst to meself; but your honour won't betray me?'

'Never fear. I knew already most of what you told me.'

'Arrah! did you, now? Well, and if you want any more information about them same smugglers, sure Mickey Mehaffey's the boy that can find it out for ye.'

I was certainly rather amused at Mickey's sudden change of principles; and telling him to call on me next day, if he had further information to give, I put spurs to my horse and trotted to town.

I had only been recently appointed to Ballyroughan, with special instructions to do my utmost to suppress smuggling, which was at that time very prevalent in the district. And from all the information I could gather, I came to the conclusion that the most effectual way of doing this was to intercept the landing of the goods from the island. The supply, I reasoned, would soon cease, if I succeeded in cutting off the demand.

Mickey kept his promise about giving me further information. I had just thrown myself

on the lounge next evening after dinner, when a fiery altercation broke in upon my rest. It was my landlady and Mickey on the stairs. 'Ye can't disturb him now, I'm telling ye; he's only afther his dinner.'

'But I want to see him particular,' persisted Mickey, endeavouring to pass her on the stairs.

'And it's want ye'll meet with, thin; ye can watch for him as he goes out in the mornin'.'

'It's a matther of life and death, I'm tellin' ye; and the mornin' wouldn't do at all, at all.'

'Well, and what if it is a matther of life and death? Sure, he isn't the docthor.'

I now thought proper to interfere. 'If that is Mickey Mehaffey,' I said, 'you may allow him to come up, Mrs M'Ketchup.'

'Very well, sor.—Bad luck to the dirthy boots o' ye!' This last to Mickey in an undertone.

'Well, Mickey, shut the door, and let me hear what you have got to say.'

'I've learned it all, sor. Hugh's Shan gave me all the news this mornin' afther chapel. He's wan of the smugglers, ye know, from the island.'

'What "news" did he give you?'

'Why, about the landing of the poteen for the fair. It's just as I towld ye. They're to land it to-night about twelve o'clock, as the moon will be dark by that time.'

'Where do they usually land it?' I asked.

'Well, sor, there are only two places where a boat can put in with safety: wan of these, "the Smugglers' Pier," is just between the high rocks forinist Ballyroughan; and the other is about a quarter of a mile farther along the shore. It's not so safe in the dark as the Smugglers' Pier, and so they never land at it.'

After arranging with Mickey to meet me that night at a certain point, I dismissed him, and proceeded to mature my plan for trapping the smugglers. It was this. I arranged with the coastguard officer to meet me at the Smugglers' Pier about eleven o'clock. He was to bring two boats and three boatmen with him, and row up silently from the station to the place appointed. Three constables of the 'Royal Irish' were also detailed to meet me at the same time and place. Mickey, as previously stated, was to go with myself and act as guide. The rendezvous was about a mile from the town, so I started off about half-past ten on my secret expedition. Fortunately, Ballyroughan retires early to rest, so not a soul was to be seen as I passed through the town. A subdued cough at the outskirts told me that Mickey was true to his appointment.

We walked in silence to the place, and found the 'palers,' as Mickey called them, waiting. The coastguard officer and his men had not yet arrived. They came, however, shortly afterwards, and I then gave my final instructions. One boat, manned by the coastguard officer, a boatman, and one of the constables, was to row about four hundred yards out, and lie on its oars, out of the track of the smugglers, but ready to intercept them on their return to the island, if they escaped us. A shot from my revolver was the signal for them to be on the alert. The other boat, I directed to be kept out of sight

between the rocks, but ready for action at a moment's notice. These arrangements completed, every one waited quietly at his post to watch the turn of events. It was now midnight; and though the moon had been down almost half an hour, there was no sign of the smugglers. Could it be that Mickey was playing us false? This thought had just occurred to me, when my ear caught the sound of distant oars.

'Did you hear anything, sir?' one of the constables whispered.

'Hush! Listen,' I said.

Yes; there was no mistake. Nearer and clearer came the splash of the oars and the creaking of the rowlocks; and in a few minutes afterwards, the boat grated on the gravel within a few yards of where we lay concealed. I saw through the darkness that there were only two men in the boat, with a boy to steer. The former proceeded at once to land the goods. They brought a keg ashore; but before I could give the order for capture, a ludicrous incident betrayed us. Mickey, I noticed, had been nodding with sleep for some time, and at the most critical moment began to snore so loudly, that the men at once dropped the keg and made a rush for the boat.

'Arrest them!' I shouted, and one of the policemen succeeded in catching hold of an oar just as the boat was being pushed off; but the smuggler was equal to the occasion. He drew the oar towards the boat, then pushed it rapidly back again, and next moment the unfortunate constable was left sprawling in the water. 'Man the boat!' I shouted, as I observed they were about to escape us. 'You,' I said to the policeman who got the ducking, 'will remain on shore to guard the seizure, and Mickey may keep you company.—All ready?' I asked, stepping into the boat, and at the same time discharging my revolver, as a signal to the coastguard officer in the other boat.

'All right, sir.'

'Then pull off;' and away we went in the wake of the smugglers. The chase was an exciting one. They had got about twenty yards ahead; but our boat was the swifter, and we soon came up with them. 'Now we have them,' I exclaimed, as our other boat came into view, intercepting their course to the island. They were not, however, to be caught so easily. Making a rapid double to the left, our boat was shot far ahead of them before we could turn. I now saw that the advantage did not all lie on our side; for although we had greater speed and greater numbers, on the other hand, the smugglers' boat was so formed as to twist and turn about with the greatest rapidity, rendering it very difficult for us to come into close quarters with them. Again we came up with them, and again they made a double towards the mainland, leaving us still at a distance.

I now adopted a different mode of operations. Both our boats were between the smugglers and Innismurry, and I directed them to separate about twenty yards, and row close behind the enemy, keeping the latter always in front and between the two boats. This plan was perfectly successful. The smugglers were now compelled to 'move on' before us towards the mainland, any attempt to turn aside being prevented by

either boat. Their only escape now was landward, and they made a spurt to reach the shore before us, heading directly for the Smugglers' Pier; but their boat had scarcely touched the gravel, when our men, jumping into the water, surrounded it, and took the occupants in charge ere they had time to land.

I now directed my attention to matters on shore. Mickey was still there, but the constable was nowhere to be seen. A feeble groan from behind the rocks led Mickey to explain.

'It's the paler, yer honour,' said he. 'He tuk mighty bad after you left.'

'Has he been to the keg?' I asked.

'Faix, and he has, thin; and it didn't agree with him.'

It evidently did not. The ground beside him bore witness to the fact.

'Confound the stuff!' growled one of the boatmen, who had taken the opportunity to follow the paler's example and have a pull at the keg. He was expectorating at a furious rate and making horrible grimaces.

'Is it poison?' feebly groaned the policeman.

'Poison? Confound it!' said the boatman; 'it's water, and as salt as blazes.'

It was indeed water, fresh drawn from the Atlantic. The constable, it seems, feeling cold after his immersion, broached the keg in our absence, and had taken a good pull at it before he discovered that it wasn't the 'rale Innishowen.' It produced such a nausea and sickness of stomach, that the poor fellow thought he was poisoned, and became frightened into the ludicrous state of distress in which we found him.

I now examined the contents of another keg in the boat. Salt water also. Meanwhile, our three prisoners, who understood not a word of English, stood composedly looking on, and seemed quite satisfied with their position. Our own position was certainly a novel one. There we stood, eight men in Her Majesty's service, with three prisoners in charge, and for what? For having two kegs of salt water in their possession, whilst the broad Atlantic rolled at our feet. No one appeared to be able to give any explanation of our peculiar 'seizure;' and we were about to leave the place in disgust, when the coastguard drew my attention to the sound of oars farther up the shore, and we could dimly discern a boat putting off towards the island.

'Depend upon it,' said he, 'that boat has just been landing the poteen; and this has only been a decoy, to divert our attention from the real culprits.'

This indeed was the true explanation of the mystery, so I discharged my prisoners, who coolly tossed the kegs into their boat and pulled off towards Innismurry.

I afterwards learned that Mickey, with all his apparent simplicity, was a shrewd confederate of the smugglers, and that it was really he who planned and set us on this 'wildgoose chase.' They expected, it seems, a raid made on them that night; and Mickey was deputed, under cover of giving information, to learn the mode of attack, and, if possible to thwart it. In this he was but too successful. And although, on many subsequent occasions, I had ample revenge for the trick played on me that night, I must confess

that these later and more successful experiences appear to me but tame and commonplace, compared with my first encounter with the Donegal smugglers.

SOME FAROE LEGENDS.

Adapted from the Danish.

I. THE SEAL-GIRL.

SEALS have their origin in human beings who of their own free-will have drowned themselves in the sea. Once a year—on Twelfth-night—they slip off their skins and amuse themselves like men and women in dancing and other pleasures, in the caves of the rocks and the big hollows of the beach. A young man in the village of Mygledahl, in Kalsoe, had heard talk of this conduct of the seals, and a place in the neighbourhood of the village was pointed out to him where they were said to assemble on Twelfth-night.

In the evening of that day he stole away thither and concealed himself. Soon he saw a vast multitude of seals come swimming towards the place, cast off their skins, and lie down upon the rocks. He noticed that a very fair and beautiful girl came out of one of the seal-skins and lay down not far from where he was hidden. Then he crept towards her and took her in his arms. The man and the seal-girl danced together throughout the whole night; but when day began to break, every seal went in search of its skin. The seal-girl alone was unsuccessful in the search for her skin; but she tracked it by its smell to the Mygledahl-man, and when he, in spite of her entreaties, would not give it back to her, she was forced to follow him to Mygledahl. There they lived together for many years, and many children were born to them; but the man had to be perpetually on the watch lest his wife should be able to lay hands on her seal-skin, which, accordingly, he kept locked in the bottom of his chest, the key of which was always about his person.

One day, however, he was out fishing, when he remembered that he had left the key at home. He called out sorrowfully to the other men: 'This day I shall lose my wife.' They pulled up their lines and rowed home quickly; but when they came to the house, his wife had disappeared, and only the children were at home. That no harm might come to them when she left them, their mother had extinguished the fire on the hearth and put the knives out of sight. In the meantime, she had run down to the beach, attired herself in her seal-skin, and directed her course to the sea, where another seal, who had formerly been her lover, came at once to her side. This animal had been lying outside the village all these years waiting for her.

And now, when the children of the Mygledahl-man used to come down to the beach, they often saw a seal lift its head above the water and look towards the land. The seal was supposed to be the mother of the children.

A long time passed away, and again it chanced that the Mygledahl-man was about to hunt the seals in a big rock-hole. The night before this was to happen, the Mygledahl-man dreamed that

his lost wife came to him and said that if he went seal-hunting in that cave he must take care not to kill a large seal which stood in front of the cave, because that was her mate; and the two young seals in the heart of the cave, because they were her two little sons; and she informed him of the colour of their skins. But the man took no heed of his dream, went away after the seals, and killed all he could lay hands upon. The spoil was divided when they got home, and the man received for his share the whole of the large male seal and the hands and feet of the two young seals.

That same evening, they had cooked the head and paws of the large seal for supper, and the meat was put up in a trough, when a loud crash was heard in the kitchen. The man returned thither and saw a frightful witch, who sniffed at the trough, and cried: 'Here lies the head, with the upstanding nose of a man, the hand of Haarek, and the foot of Frederick. Revenged they are, and revenged they shall be on the men of Mygledahl, some of whom shall perish by sea, and others fall down from the rocks, until the number of the slain shall be so great that by holding each other's hands they may gird all Kalsoe.' When she had uttered this communication, the witch vanished from the room and was seen no more.

Many Mygledahl-men soon afterwards came to a violent end. Some were drowned in the sea by Kalsoe while fishing; others fell from the rocks while catching the sea-fowl: so that the witch's curse might be said to have taken partial effect. The number of the dead, however, is not yet so large that they can encircle the whole of the island hand in hand.*

II. HOW TO BECOME RICH.

If you would be rich, you must go out on Twelfth-night to a cross-road where five ways meet, one of which leads to a church; and you must take with you in your hands a gray calfskin and an axe. When you reach the cross-road, you must sit down on the calfskin, the tail of which must be extended in the direction of the road which leads to the churchyard. Then you must look fixedly at the axe, which must be made as sharp as possible. Towards midnight, the goblins will come in multitudes and put gold in great heaps round you, to try and make you look up, and they will chatter, grimace, and grin at you. But when at length they have failed in causing you to look aside, they will begin to take hold of the tail of the calfskin and drag it away, with you upon it. Then you will be fortunate if you can succeed in cutting off the tail with the axe without looking about you and without damaging the axe. If you succeed, the goblins will vanish, and all the gold will remain by you. Otherwise, if you look about you or damage the axe, it will be all up with you.

III. THE LUCKY-STONE.

The 'lucky-stone' is a good thing to possess, because the man who has it is always fortunate and victorious in every struggle; nor can any

* Kalsoe is about ten miles long by about one mile and a half in width.

man or evil spirit harm him. Success follows him wherever he goes; everything happens according to his wishes; he is every one's favourite. It is not wonderful, therefore, that men are eager to bargain for a stone that can work so much good for its owner. Unfortunately, however, no man knows where to find it; only the raven knows this; and now you shall hear how the raven may be induced to discover it. It is a common saying that this bird mates in February, lays its eggs in March, and hatches its young in April. Now, when the raven has laid its eggs, the man who determines to have the lucky-stone must climb the rock wherein the raven has its nest. There he must sit still without letting the raven see him, until the bird flies away from its nest. Immediately afterwards the man must hasten to the nest, take the eggs therefrom, go away and boil them hard, and then lay them in the nest again, so that the raven when it comes back may not notice anything amiss. The bird then resumes its attempt to hatch the eggs. When, however, it has sat past the ordinary hatching-time without young ones coming out of the eggs, it gets impatient and tired of sitting any longer. Away it flies after the lucky-stone, to place this in the nest between the eggs, so that by its help the young may get out of the shell; and, in readiness for its return, the man must station himself by the nest and shoot the bird when it reappears. Then he may take the lucky-stone out of the raven's beak and go home with it.*

IV. THE SKARVEN AND THE EIDER-DUCK.

The skarven and the eider-duck both wished to wear down, and could not determine which of them should have that privilege. They came to a decision that it should belong to that one of them who first saw the sun rise next morning and cried to the other: 'The sun is up!' Accordingly, they seated themselves among the rocks side by side that evening. The eider-duck fell asleep immediately after sunset; but the skarven, knowing that he was a sound sleeper, formed the wicked resolution not to go to sleep that night, lest he should oversleep himself. Thus he became almost assured that he, and not the eider-duck, should get the down. The skarven sat full of pride in his resolve to keep awake the whole night. This was easy enough at the outset; but later on in the night his head grew heavy and he had to fight hard with sleep; however, he held out until it began to be light in the east; then, elated with joy, he cried: 'Now the east becomes blue!' But by this outcry, the skarven awoke the eider-duck, who had enjoyed his accustomed sleep; while, on the other hand, the skarven could no longer keep his eyes open. When the sun really rose, the eider-duck was not slow to cry to the skarven: 'The sun rises over the sea!' Thus the eider-duck received the down. As for the

skarven, his punishment was very severe. Because he could not keep silence, but by his outcry awoke the eider-duck, from that time forward he has been tongue-tied as well as without down.

V. A TALE OF SANDOE.

West of the town of Sand is a great hole deep in the ground, where a witch used to live. A man from Sand once went down into this hole and saw a woman standing crushing gold in a hand-mill, and a little child sitting by her playing with a gold stick. The old crone was blind. After a little reflection, the man went softly up to the woman and took away the gold which she was crushing. Hereupon she said: 'Either a mouse is being crushed, or a thief is stealing, or else something is wrong with the quern.' The man left her, took the gold stick from the child, whom he struck and made to cry. The old woman now instantly divined that something was wrong. She jumped up and groped after the man in the hole. But he was no sooner out of the cave than he ran home at a gallop with the gold. The witch then called a neighbour crone, related her misfortune, and besought her help. The neighbour forthwith ran with all speed after the man. She jumped across certain lakes on the way, and here her footprints may be seen in the stone on each side of the water to this day. But the man escaped her until he came to a marshy tract of land, where she succeeded in laying hold of his horse's tail. However, he whipped the horse forward so that its tail broke off. Nor did this stop him. On he went until he came in sight of the church. Here the witch could do him no harm, but was obliged to turn back. To this day, it is said that one may hear the old blind witch crushing gold in the cave.*

VI. THE MAN AND THE BROWNIES.

The village of Gaasedahl, in Waagoe, has no level beach, but is almost fifteen fathoms straight up from the sea, so that boats could not very well be kept there. Moreover, the inhabitants are too few to man a large boat for sea-fishing. They have, therefore, their boat jointly with the neighbouring village of Boe, with the men whereof they associate in fishing. One night a man from Gaasedahl went by appointment east to Akranes, where the men from Boe wanted to take him in the boat to row with them to the fishing. When he had come to Skardsaa, he observed a boat which lay by the land in the appointed place; and, fearful lest he should delay the others, he hurried down to it. He saw that there were seven in the boat, and that a place was vacant by one of the thwarts. He believed, therefore, that all was as it should be, although he could not recognise any of the men, because of the darkness. Then he jumped briskly into the boat and sat down by his oar; but, to his great terror, he now perceived that he knew none of the men, and he did not fail to understand that he had got

* Sysselman Müller of Thorshavn, Faroe, possesses one of these stones. It is brown, and rather common to look at; but no doubt the fact that Herr Müller is reputed to be the richest man in the Isles, as he is certainly the most influential, is due to the virtue of this stone. Herr Müller sits in the upper house of the Danish government; and this also may be attributable to his lucky-stone.

* This story, it is obvious, is allied to the Ayrshire traditions on which Burns founded his *Tam o' Shanter*.

among the brownie folk. Still, he would not let them see that he was afraid, but sat down to row as capably as the others. They steered north of Waagoe towards Ravnemulen, a fishing-place to which the men of Waagoe are accustomed to row.

The elves now began to put bait on their hooks and to cast out; but the Gaasedahl-man sat still because he had only a line with him; his hooks were in Boe. Then the leader of the elves gave him both hooks and bait, with which he made a cast, and immediately caught a big cod. When he had pulled up the fish and killed it, the leader took and marked it, and in the same way he marked every other fish caught by the man. They fished until the boat was full, then rowed home, and touched the land by Akranes, where the Gaasedahl-man had come to them. The brownies threw on shore to him all the fish he had caught. When he was going away, the Gaasedahl-man remembered that he had left his knife behind him in the boat, and said to the brownies that 'the sharp thing by his thigh' was left in the boat. The brownie thereupon took the knife and threw it at him to hurt him, but it did not hit him. Then he said: 'You were a doomed man; but you are a lucky man;' and the other brownies then rowed off, abusing him because he would not thank them for the use of the boat.*

VII. ABOUT WITCHES.

It is said that witches are fond of visiting people's houses, especially when they find them empty. North of Nûgvunes, in Borgardahl, on the island of Myggenes, there is a little but well-built house for shepherds to pass the night in, when at certain times in the year they come here to look after the sheep, because this part of the island is far away from a village. One night, at an unusual time, one of these shepherds went thither; but when he was about to take shelter in the house, he heard much noise and racket within the building. He stationed himself by a little window, and perceived that the house was full of witches, who were holding carnival. They danced and sang: 'Cold is the witches' home in the hills. It is better within the house on the cliff by Skálavellir—trum, trum, trallarei—to dance close to the doors.'

But it was much worse at Troldenes, which is the most northerly village in Kalsoe. Thither the witches used to come every Twelfth-night in such multitudes that the townsfolk were at that time forced to flee to the nearest town, Mygledahl, and stay there while this witches' revelry lasted; hence this town got the name of Troldenes (Witches' Point). It happened once that an old woman was not able to flee with the others to Mygledahl on Twelfth-night. She lay under a table in the kitchen and hid herself from the witches. In the evening, she saw the witches come in and begin to shout and dance. But in

the height of their merriment the old woman under the table cried out: 'Jesus, be merciful to me!' When the witches heard the blessed name of Jesus, which they hate and tremble at, they began to scream, and said to each other: 'Gydja* disturbs the dance.' Thereupon they disappeared from Troldenes, and they have not dared since to trouble that village. When the people came back from Mygledahl after the festival, they expected to find the old woman dead, but she then told them of her adventure with the witches.

VIII. THE TWO SISTERS.

Once upon a time there was a man and a woman. They had one daughter; and when the child was a year old, her mother died. The man, poor creature, was now left alone with this little girl. No wonder, therefore, that he, like so many other men in a similar plight, began to think of taking a second wife, and duly married again. By this second wife also he had a daughter. The two girls were nearly of the same age, there being not much more than two years' difference between them. They grew up together in the house; but it may be imagined which of them the woman made the most of; for, whilst she gave her own daughter everything that was nice, and let her have her way both in good and evil, she could not bear the sight of the elder child, her step-daughter, but struck and trounced her both early and late. The poor girl was made to do all the worst work: to clean the cowhouses in winter; to crush every grain of corn that was eaten in the house; to pick the wool, and the like. In summer, she had to go into the fields to milk the cows both morning and evening, often a long way up the mountains, without anything to eat.

The step-mother was perpetually gnawed with envy of the elder of the girls because she was as beautiful as the finest summer apple, red and white like blood upon snow; whilst the younger was ugly in appearance and disgusted every man. The wicked woman wanted, therefore, to spoil her step-daughter's pretty face; and with this intention, compelled her to do all the worst and hardest work both at home and in the fields; but in spite of it all, she grew yet more beautiful, while her half-sister became pale and sickly from sitting indoors and never stirring out to lend a helping hand to any one.

The woman now resolved to make her step-daughter so thin by starvation that she could not fail to lose her beauty, and come to be as insignificant as her own daughter. She refused to give her any supper, so that the poor girl had to go into the fields to do the milking without having had anything to eat the previous evening, and without breakfast that day. With a heavy heart and a hungry stomach, she now left home with the milk-pail on her back, not knowing how to get anything to eat. While she went along crying, and so exhausted that she was ready to fall to the ground, she saw a hill straight before her open, and a table standing there decked with meat and drink.

* Gydja is Faroese for an old wife, crone, or aged woman.

* It is necessary to explain that in talking to a brownie one must not call a knife, a sword, an axe, or anything of the kind by its right name, but indicate it by a paraphrase, 'The sharp thing,' &c. Nor must one say 'Thank you' to the brownies, if they do one a service, because, if so, it gives them power to injure the person who thanks them.

She asked God to guide her, went in, and refreshed herself with the meat and drink. Then she thanked God for the meal, and went on joyfully in quest of the cattle. The hill opened for her in the same place every morning and evening, and by this means she kept so strong and healthy that her step-mother's scheme quite failed.

The younger sister now asked how it was that she herself, who had good things every day and all she wanted, did yet not thrive so well as the other, who was always working and got little to eat? But the elder sister would not at first answer her questions; she simply said that she had taken nothing from her or her mother. In the end, however, she told her that she got meat and drink in the hill. When the younger sister heard this, she immediately wanted to go into the fields and milk the cows, that she might see what took place in the hill, and she besought her mother's permission to go the very next day. This the mother granted at once, though she wondered that her daughter should conceive such a fancy. Accordingly, the girl went. The hill was open. She sat down, ate and drank of the good things, and never bethought herself how they came thither; nor, when she had finished eating, did she think of asking God to be with her or of thanking Him. This she was not accustomed to do. In the evening, she would not eat at home, so that she might eat the more when she went again on to the hill. But the second time, when she was come thither, the hill was shut for her; so she had for once to experience what it was to go hungry into the fields and look after the cows. She had to go high up the mountains and search a long time before she found the animals; and she returned home in the evening angry, and said that she would not make many such excursions.

And so the elder sister had again to go in the old way; but for her the hill was never closed. She went without shoes and dressed in rags, like the most miserable of beggars; and the worse she looked, the better pleased was the step-mother.

One day, when the poor girl came to the hill, her rags were ready to fall off her, so that she had good cause to cry and grieve over herself. How great, then, was her joy when she saw some beautiful clothes held towards her within the hill, and heard a voice say that they were for her. She hastened to dress herself in these new clothes, and sat down in the field, the better to examine them. But she had no sooner seated herself, than a grand king's son, with a large suite of attendants, came riding towards her, and entered into conversation with the fair maid. The king's son liked her so much that he fell in love with her immediately and asked whom she was. The girl replied to his declaration of love, that if he did not change his mind within a year, then he might come back to her parents and ask their consent; she herself would not say him 'Nay.' On this understanding they separated.

When she reached home again, the girl said not a word about this meeting. Her fine clothes were taken from her by her half-sister, and again she had to go to the fields in her rags, as before.

When the year had gone by, the king's son came riding into the farmyard as a suitor. He shone with gold from top to toe, and likewise the man who accompanied him. He explained his mission, and asked for the hand of the farm-people's daughter. They consented to the match; but the woman went away and locked up her step-daughter in the strong-room, made her own daughter array herself in the clothes which the king's son had seen on the elder of the girls, and brought her before him. The prince said that he had never seen this girl before, and had not come to court her. The mother replied that the girl was the same, but that she had been so disfigured by a severe illness as to be unrecognisable. When the king's son heard this, his blood rushed to his heart, and he begged her to go apart alone with him. The girl followed behind him; but no sooner were they out of the house, than she fell down and burst asunder.

Then the king's son re-entered the house. He perceived that the woman had deceived him, and he threatened to kill them all unless they instantly gave him the real girl whom he had come to court. They could go out and see the consequence of having already lied to him.

The man now fetched his elder daughter, and the king's son was joyful when he saw her. He gave her the choicest clothes and presents; then he set her upon a fine horse; and they rode away home to his kingdom. When the king his father died, the prince himself became king, and the poor girl his queen, and they lived happy together all the rest of their days.

As for the wicked step-mother, she died of grief and vexation.

THE OLD VIKING.

AN ADAPTATION FOR MUSIC.

WHY 'midst these shadowy woods should I
In grave-like loneliness, lingering, die?
'Tis ours to unfurl the sail, and ride
Away as of old on the flashing tide.

How bleak these beetling crags, and bare!
What lifeless gloom broods everywhere!
In this poor mousetrap of a hold,
How can a warrior's heart be bold?

The billows dark, the galley strong,
I learned to love when life was young;
Why then should I, with whitened hair,
Die like an old wolf in his lair?

Oh, better far it were for me
To risk my life on the rolling sea,
To die as died my fathers brave,
And sleep with them in their ocean-grave!

Farewell, ye woods and crags, farewell!
My bark rides brave on the billowy swell;
The tall mast swings, the sail flaps free,
And our home once more is the boundless sea.

JOHN RUSSELL.

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